There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.
Clowne. I beſeech you ſir goe, my young Maſter doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So doe I his.
Clowne. And they have conſpired together, I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on blacke monday laſt, at ſixe a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſhwenſday was foure yeare in th'afternoone.
Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica*,
Locke up my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fiffe,
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publique ſtreete,
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, I meane my caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare,
I have no minde of feaſting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me ſirra,
Say I will come. *Clowne.* I will goe before ſir.
Miſtres looke out at window for all this,
There will come a Chriſtian by
Will be worth a Iewes eye.
Shy. What ſayes that foole of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.
Ieſ. His words were farewell miſtris, nothing els.
Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile-ſlow in profit, and he ſleepes by day
More then the wilde-Cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſt
His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſſica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediatly,
Doe as I bid you, ſhut doores after you, faſt binde, faſt finde.
A Proverbe never ſtale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*
Ieſ. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a Father, you a daughter loſt. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Maſkers, Gratiano and Salerino.

Grat. This is the penthouſe under which *Lorenſo*,
Deſired us to make ſtand. *Saler.* His houre is almoſt paſt.
Gra. And it is marvell he out-dwells his houre,
For Lovers ever runne before the clocke.
Saler. O tenne times faſter *Venus* pidgeons flye
To ſeale Loves bonds new made, then they are wont,
To keepe obliged faith unforfeited.
Gra. That ever holds: who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keene appetite that he ſits downe?
Where is the horſe that doth untread againe
His teadious meaſures, with the unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt: all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed then enjoyd.
How like a younger, or a prodigall,
The skarfed Barke puts from her native Bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind,
How like the Prodigall doth ſhe returne
With over-weatherd ribbs and ragged ſailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the ſtrumpet wind?

Enter Lorenſo.

Saler. Heere comes *Lorenſo*, more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires, have made you waite:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the theeves for wives,
Ile watch as long for you then: approch,
Here dwels my Father Iew. Hoe, whoſe within?

Ieſſica above.

Ieſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainety,
Albeit Ile ſweare that I doe know your tongue.
Lor. *Lorenſo* and thy Love.
Ieſ. *Lorenſo* certaine, and my Love indeed,
For who love I ſo much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenſo*, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witneſſe that thou art.
Ieſ. Here catch this Casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:

But